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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. a Romaunt.
Canto the Fourth.* By Lord Byron.

THE Fourth Canto of Childe Harold being at last yielded to the anxious curiosity of the public, which has long been excited by the pleasing anticipation of seeing the former admired Cantos augmented, the story elucidated, and embellished by his lordship's inexhaustible store of mental reflection and glowing description, we take up the early, as well as the new part of the publication, and by condensing the whole, endeavour to present our reader with a connected idea of the poem. Though Lord Byron had appeared as an author very early in life, when he published "The Poems of a Minor," which possessed some degree of promise; and though he was, by all who knew him, considered a youth of character and eccentricity, the expectation of his talents ripening to the standard of eminence which they have since attained, was never indulged, till the poem before us appeared. It was a work of length and originality; and portrayed such an astonishing acquaintance with the human heart and character—such a vast comprehension of the wonders and charms of nature—so nice a distinction of good and evil—such a clear picture of strong affections blighted, of the desolation of a heart gifted with every refinement that might have adorned the best and happiest of men, that it was received with universal interest, and had a most rapid circulation.

Childe Harold is a performance that bespeaks the bent of the writer's mind; and has, notwithstanding many contradictions from the noble author, impressed the public with the idea of its being *partly*, and perhaps *unintentionally*, a mental resemblance of himself. The measure of Childe Harold is Spenserian; certainly the most difficult to follow with spirit and elegance. It is, notwithstanding, written with much strength and sweetness, and details the dissipations of a young man of quality, who at last, disgusted and cloyed with the continual and vain pur-

suit after novelty, resolves to bid adieu to his native land, paternal mansion, connexions, gay, fluttering associates and parasites, and to seek variety, peace, and amusement in foreign climes. The poem was actually written, for the most part, amidst the scenes it describes. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. The scenes sketched in the two first cantos, lie in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. With the exception of a few concluding stanzas, this part of the poem was written in the Levant. The observations are truly natural and forcible; and leave the mind oppressed with sorrow, that the noble, thoughtful, accomplished, and interesting Harold, should be gloomy, unamiable, vindictive, and miserable; that Nature's fairest endowments should be perverted and shaded by misanthropy: that he, without exerting any preventing energy, should suffer those injurious and malign propensities to pervade his mind, and to obscure his better judgment. Such a total aberration from virtuous exertion and improvement is a hopeless and melancholy view of human nature, even in fiction. True it is, however, that faultless heroes of romance seldom awaken more than admiration: a man who is beyond the reach of failing, is also out of the reach of anxiety and interest, our feelings are not excited to regard his future fortune; we found him well, exempt from frailty, and we wish to leave him so. Many beautiful and pathetic stanzas convey a strong sentiment of disappointed affection, which, under happier auspices, might have raised Harold to bliss and worth, instead of undermining his naturally noble nature, which is, by its despondency, deprived of those refined enjoyments of which it was susceptible.

This strain of sadness is diffused over the magical harmony of the whole of the noble bard's numbers, and is only forgotten amidst the wild and inspiring scenery which is occasionally described. The poem has little incident, and must be considered more as a mental than a personal delineation of the character whose name it bears.

After Childe Harold's embarkation, he sings an exquisite farewell song to England:—

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew,
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell, awhile, to him and thee
My native land—Good Night.
"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My dog howls at the gate."

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands."

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves,
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land—Good Night!"

It is impossible to trace his progress to Spain minutely; he notices the fields of Albuera, Talavera, and Barrosa, and describes, with all a poet's enthusiasm, the country, the manners, and inhabitants, particularly of Cadiz. The renowned bull-fights of Spain are here the theme of his muse. The following stanza relates to Portugal:—

"The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that shake the craggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrown'd;
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep;
The tender azure of the unruffled deep;
The orange tints that gild the nearest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauties glow."

The next stanza was written on the death of the Hon. J. W., at Coimbra, who died of a fever:—

"And thou, my friend, since unavailing woe
Buists from my heart, and mingles with the strain;
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid, even friendship to complain;

But thus unlaurell'd, to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unblending with the boasted slain,
While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done, to sink so peacefully to
rest?"

The commencement of the Second Canto brings our hero to Athens, and this is a most poetical theme; the wild desolation, the glory of former times, the relics left to tell us what has been, is beautifully commented upon:—

"Is this the whole?"

A school-boy's tale; the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
Are sought in vain; and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power."

'Tis night, when Meditation makes us feel
We once have lov'd, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.

Who, with the weight of years would wish to bend,

When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?

Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?

"Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side
To gaze on Dian's wave reflected sphere;
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate, but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flatter'ing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress!
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, *this is solitude!*

"Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek;
Where Revel calls, and Laughter vainly loud,
False to the heart distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak:
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure, or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip, with ill-dissembled sneer."

The Third Canto of Childe Harold appeared long after the others, and was received with great and manifest pleasure by the public: it fully answered the expectation which had been formed from its predecessors.

It begins with a short and beautiful address to his lordship's daughter: we must, however, regret the allusion to domestic circumstances of an afflicting nature. The subject of Childe Harold recommences thus:—

"In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;

Again I seize the theme but then begun,
And bear it with me as the rushing wind
Bears the clouds onwards: In that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

"Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling:
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief, or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

"Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought
Too long and darkly till my brain become,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I chang'd, though still enough the same;
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

"Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold reappears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

"But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it, who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never grow all old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold,
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

"But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common;

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam."

Childe Harold now arrives at the field of Waterloo, that ensanguined plain, where so many of his fellow men had lately bled: the description of the latter occupies a considerable space. The late Emperor of France also has his share of our poet's reflections: then follows an address to the Rhine, that "exulting and abounding river." After mentioning the ancient Aventicum, now Avenches, there is a very sweet stanza referring to a monument of Julia Alpincela, a young Aventian priestess, who died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Soon after, the first appearance of Mont

Blanc's "Alpine snow" is recorded, and on the banks of the "arrowy Rhone," Childe Harold sings:—

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant on a fleshy chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

Then we have several stanzas illustrating the genius of "the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," reflections upon his work, and particularly "Julia," are given with interesting perspicuity.

A most beautiful description of night, and of a thunderstorm during its solemn darkness and stillness, here arrests the attention. Clarens, Lousanne, and Ferney, are associated with the recollection of those who "unto them bequeathed a name." A few beautiful stanzas conclude this portion of Childe Harold:—

"I have not lov'd the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo;—in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not fill'd my mind, which thus itself subdu'd."

The four last stanzas again relate to Lord Byron's daughter: they breathe a delightful spirit of parental affection, and are sweet and pure. But why he should wish for ever to perpetuate the remembrance that this child "was born in bitterness, and nurtured in convulsion," is a question not easily answered in consistence with the amiable tenor of the address.

The Fourth Canto of Childe Harold forms a continuation of its hero's travels, and chiefly relates to Venice and Rome. The noble author, in his preface, throws off the fictitious character of Harold, whose imaginary existence, or rather end, is only alluded to in two or three stanzas.

Lord Byron, in his address to Mr. Hobhouse, mentions his nominal hero, and the former part of the production, thus:—

"The poem also, or the Pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and, perhaps, it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which, in some degree, connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe.

"With regard to the conduct of the last Canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly; yet all, separated from the author, speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I become weary of drawing a line which

every one seemed determined to perceive: like the Chinese, in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese; it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether — and have done so."

The poem commences with Venice. "The Bridge of Sighs," a gloomy and covered gallery, communicating with the palace and prison, and itself the place of former executions, forms an interesting beginning, and is also the subject of a note, describing the manner of conducting the tragical business, and some inscriptions engraved by the victims who lingered many years in darkness and misery. Venice is a picturesque subject, "throned on her hundred isles." Allusions to Tasso, Shylock, and the Moor, and Pierre, bring the poet to mental reflections upon the scenes he describes, interwoven with his own personal feelings. Lord Byron's peculiar manner of interesting us in such a detail, is too well understood to need fresh comments:—

"Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.
"All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and in each event
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and re-
buoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some bow'd and
bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering e'er their time.
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or
climb.
"But ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting:
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbrued;
And slight withall may be the things which
bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower in the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound!"

As it is impossible for us to proceed this week with as many extracts as we could wish to give our readers, we shall leave the task for a future opportunity, merely stating the rich variety of our author's remarks upon the antiquities of Rome, of those whose memory is revived by viewing the monuments which record their triumphs, their

genius, or their death, is beautifully illustrated by the endless succession of ideas, metaphors, similes, and graces, of Lord Byron's muse.

That the poem differs materially in its character of melancholy, is easily perceived; the wild vehemence, the impetuous dislike of all associations with his species, the morbid misanthropy, the pettish inclination to irony, which was so conspicuous in the disappointed Harold as we first knew him, seems now to have settled into a more calm and tranquil sadness, where

"Time! the beautifier of the deed,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector, where our judgments err,
has at least mellowed and composed the perturbed soul of the interesting, but unhappy being, whose personal and mental course we followed in this composition.

As wholly irrelevant to the connexion of the poem, we shall finish this article by extracting the stanzas on the death of the Princess Charlotte:—

"Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head dis-
crown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief,
She clasps her babe, to whom her breast yields no
relief.

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promis'd joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full, it seem'd to
cloy.

"Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so ador'd!
Those who weep not for kings, shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to
hoard
Her many griefs for one; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

"Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hop'd-for seed, whose promise
seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes: 'twas but a meteor
beam'd.

"Wo unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung

Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange
fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath
flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or
late;—

"These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now there!
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and
oppress

The land which loved thee, so that none could
love thee best."

(To be continued.)

A Biographical Memoir of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales and Saxe-Coburg: illustrated with Recollections, Personal Anecdotes, and Traits of Character not generally known; from the most authentic sources. Fourth Edition. Corrected and much Enlarged. London. 8vo. pp. 388. 1818.

(Concluded from our last, p. 68.)

On the 18th of May, 1815, the Princess unexpectedly attended the Queen's drawing-room: "Her appearance in the splendid dress of the court, glittering with jewels, and with a diamond tiara shaded by the Prince's plume, above a countenance of ingenuousness, animation, and dignity, attracted the universal eye and admiration." Her visits to the monastery of La Trappe, near Weymouth, is very interesting: on the first occasion she gracefully yielded to the uncertainty of the abbot, as to Her Royal Highness being an exception to the general rule of no females ever being admitted within the walls of their dwelling; the Reverend Father stated his dilemma, bending lowly, and respectfully submitted the question to her judgment; but offered to make the necessary reference to the constitutions, if his fair visiter would condescendingly return at another time: to this she willingly assented, and begged in no way to infringe upon the regulations of the order. As the abbot suspected, he convinced himself that female sovereigns formed an exception. On receiving this information, she again repaired to the monastery. The monks were all admitted to her presence, and apprised of the quality of their guest: they appeared with their bodies bending, their eyes cast down upon the ground, and their hands meekly and devoutly folded. "She put many questions to them, and tears of tender emotion were sufficiently visible to show the inward emotion of her piety-loving heart. Her reflections on the ready-dug grave,

which is always to be seen here open, as a solemn memento to whichever one amongst them may be next called to it, affected her with the most lively sentiments of religious feeling."

In February, 1816, it was publicly announced that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was considered certain, and fully arranged: and on the 21st of that month the destined husband landed at Dover, and immediately proceeded to town; and Lord Castlereagh, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, waited upon him on his arrival at the Clarendon Hotel; and in the evening General Sir Benjamin Bloomfield arrived, at London, from Brighton, with a communication from the Prince Regent, inviting Prince Leopold to Brighton, which he immediately accepted; and was soon after re-introduced to his affianced bride. He spent most of his leisure hours in the study of English literature and history, and entered upon a more intimate acquaintance with the royal family. On the 10th of March a privy-council was held at Brighton, to consider the union, and the consent of His Royal Highness officially given. On the 14th the Earl of Liverpool brought down a message to the House from the Prince Regent, notifying the intended marriage; and mentioning his firm persuasion, that a suitable provision would be made for the honour and dignity of the crown on such an event. The most general unanimity prevailed in both Houses of Parliament, when the proposed establishment was specifically alluded to; "and Mr. Vansittart stated, that the allowance was to be sixty thousand pounds per annum, with a similar sum as outfit, including ten thousand pounds annually for the Princess's privy purse. The recent unhappy demise, though not then contemplated, was yet provided for, by stipulating fifty thousand pounds per annum to the Prince for life. These measures were followed by the naturalization of the Prince on the 28th of March. "It was generally expected that some title of British dignity would follow the naturalization; and it was stated, that the extinct Dukedom of Kendal was to be revived for his acceptance. He declined it however; and it is supposed partly at the desire of the Princess Charlotte, she wishing him to derive no rank but by his marriage with her." A severe illness of the Prince Leopold detained him at Brighton till the 22d of April, when he proceeded to pay a visit at Windsor, and had frequent opportunities of meeting his affianced bride. On the 29th all the parties

arrived in town; and as the Princess drove to Carlton House, the public, assembled in Pall Mall, received her with every demonstration of joy, which she repaid with gracious courtesy. On Tuesday the nuptial costume was exhibited; and it proved an encouraging proof of the Princess's love for British industry, that she selected a dress of Buckinghamshire lace for her wedding garment, in preference to one of Brussels manufacture.

"The important day, Thursday the 2d of May, at length arrived, on which we could have amply dilated under happier circumstances. Towards the evening, as she descended the stairs from the Queen's Palace to go to the altar at Carlton House, the Princess Mary was bathed in tears; the Princess Charlotte, on the contrary, held up her head with dignity. Her Royal Highness advanced to the altar with much steadiness, and went through the ceremony, giving the responses with great clearness. The Regent gave away the royal bride; and as soon as the ceremony was concluded, she embraced her royal parent: the youthful couple then left the Palace for Oatlands. This Princess and her husband, disdaining all affectation of rank and fashion, attended divine service on the next Sunday at Weybridge; and at their departure received the hearty acclamations of an immense number of people."

In a few days the new married pair took possession of Camelford House, which had been fitted up for their reception, and graciously received the congratulatory addresses. "In the conduct of the Prince and his lovely bride, there seems to have been an impatience of courtly etiquette, and a wish to retire at once to rural seclusion, that led them to hasten and almost to anticipate the usual forms, and to become at once the plain English lady and gentleman." In pursuance of this plan, all public show and exhibition were crowded into the first half of the honeymoon.

The Queen's drawing-room on this occasion was particularly splendid; and the modest yet happy demeanour of the royal bride was gratifying to every heart; and loud applauses resounded when the young pair left the Queen's Palace. We shall pass over their visit to different public places, where every manifestation of public approbation awaited them. On the 20th a court was held at Carlton House, for investing Prince Leopold with two British orders of knighthood.

"The purchase of Claremont became now an object of interest to the young pair, as both concurred in a preference of rural life, particularly in a domain already so indebted to nature and art, yet still capable of further embellishment, not only from landscape gardening, but also from general improvements in the vicinity. As the summer advanced the purchase was completed: early

in August, preparations were made for an established residence in that delightful spot; and on Saturday the 24th of August the Prince and Princess arrived there to dinner; from which period it became their constant residence."

From the interesting personal description which our author has introduced in this part of his narrative, we select the following:—

"In her person she has been generally described as about the middle size, inclining rather to the *embonpoint*, but not so much so as to impair the symmetry of her form: she was five feet four inches and three quarters in height. Nothing could be more striking than her bust, as her head was finely placed, and her complexion beautifully fair, with a neck and arms of delicate roundness: add to this, the mingled sweetness and dignity of her look, the full intelligent eye, the liveliness that illumined and marked the expression of her countenance, and the extreme resemblance that she bore to her illustrious father. It is a fact, that since her marriage, her personal beauty had increased in a manner the most impressive and interesting." "Her disposition also matured to every thing amiable, beneyolent, and affectionate: though her mental powers and acquirements were so superior, the neatness of her person, and simplicity of her dress, was always conspicuous. This punctuality extended to all her duties; precision in matters of business, and immediate attention to it, was a rule from which she never swerved.

"Her manners were majestic, yet courteous and affable; commanding, yet turning obedience into a pleasure. This was completely in unison with the strict sense she had of every one according to their station." In her due observance of the sabbath, she was strengthened and confirmed by her virtuous and pious consort. "Of clerical duties she had very punctilious ideas. The character of a fox-hunting or sporting parson was to her most offensive. In a marginal note, one amongst many others, written by her own hand in a History of England, when very young; opposite to the account of a churchman killed in battle, she observed, "He had no business to be there."

This illustrious pair, during their short connubial life, were all to each other; agreeing in tastes, studies, and amusements, which were all of the rural kind.

Her benevolence to the household was active and equitable; her charity to the needy, and her conspicuous goodness upon all occasions that called forth the warmth of her heart, has furnished our author with many characteristic anecdotes; from which we cannot help selecting one, notwithstanding the limited length of our article.

"During the last illness of an old female attendant, formerly nurse to the Princess Charlotte, she visited her every day, sat by her bedside, and administered with her own hand the medicines prescribed; and when death had closed her eyes, instead of fleeing in haste from an object so appalling

to the young and gay in general, she staid and gave utterance to the compassion she felt on viewing the remains of one who had tenderly nursed her in her infancy. A friend of the deceased, seeing the Princess much affected, said, 'If your Royal Highness would condescend to touch her, perhaps you would not dream of her.' The amiable Princess, whose gaiety and risibility, on any other occasion, would have been strongly excited by such a speech, replied, with emotion, 'Touch her! yes, poor thing, and kiss her too! almost the only one I ever kissed, except my mother! then bending her graceful head over the coffin of her humble friend, she pressed her warm lips to the clay-cold cheek, while tears of sensibility flowed from her eyes.'

"The honourable economy which marked the domestic arrangement of this pair, is well exemplified by the following anecdote.—Once when Miss Knight paid a visit to Claremont, she found the Prince and Princess engaged at a writing table with several books and papers before them: she apologized, and was about to retire; when the Princess, with the most affable good-humour, cried out, 'Come in! come in! 'tis only Mr. and Mrs. Coburg settling their weekly accounts, as all honest people should do!'

Several interesting facts are stated in this part of the Memoir, evincing Her Royal Highness's praiseworthy encouragement of British manufactures; of some instances where her merciful interference procured life and pardon to condemned criminals, and of her patronising the education of the poorer classes.

As soon as it was made known that Her Royal Highness was likely to present the nation with a future heir to the British throne, the greatest public interest was excited:

"Gratitude to Heaven, and a reliance upon providence, were her bosom's inmates; and she engaged herself in increasing her qualifications to direct the education of her expected infant. Short excursions, and retired study, formed her chief occupation during her pregnancy; and the public, who knew her manner of life, waited without dread for the event."

"We understand, by the desire of the Queen, Sir Richard Croft was induced to leave London on the 12th of October, and to take up his residence at Claremont, where he remained upwards of three weeks."

"Mrs. Griffiths was provided in the capacity of nurse, who had several times attended the Duchess of Rutland, and was with the Duchess of Bedford in a recent confinement."—"Every arrangement, also, was made for the early assembling of the various officers of state, whose presence on such occasions is considered necessary."

"At this period, she sent for Dr. Short, in order to administer the holy sacrament to herself and family. That worthy divine attended the call, and continued with her till after her death, remaining afterwards with the disconsolate Prince."

Until the 27th of October the Princess took her accustomed rambles in the Park; and during one of them she visited a little village school, which was

an object of great interest with her: "She took leave of them with the appellation of 'dear children,' begging that, during her absence, they would be obedient and assiduous till her next visit, when she promised to bring a *little stranger* with her, whom they should be permitted to see, as a reward for their diligence!"

In making preparations for the royal infant, Her Royal Highness paid the strictest regard to economy, neatness, and convenience. A lady of the household having remarked, that such plain adornments would be agreeable to very few persons claiming any rank in life, she replied, "Remember, that my child will not derive consequence from its dress." On Sunday the 2d was the last opportunity in which she joined the public exercise of divine worship:

"On Tuesday morning, at three o'clock, it was declared that the Princess was in labour, when messengers were sent off for the different officers of state, and for Dr. Baillie, who arrived early in the morning. During the whole day the labour advanced slowly, but to all appearance safely; and towards evening, as it still lingered, Dr. Sims was sent for, to be consulted if necessary. Communications were despatched to the Prince Regent, and other members of the Royal Family, accompanied by a bulletin, stating that every thing was proceeding slowly, but in a satisfactory manner. On Wednesday morning, the result of a medical consultation was, that it would be prudent to wait for the progress of natural energy. About six o'clock on the 5th, the labour advanced more rapidly, and no apprehensions were entertained of the fatal result, and the child was ascertained to be still living. At nine o'clock Her Royal Highness was delivered of a male child, but still-born; and at ten, another bulletin was issued, which seemed to remove all apprehension as to the personal danger of Her Royal Highness.

"The infant was perfect, and uncommonly fine. For fifty-one hours did this lamented Princess struggle in the pains of labour: during this time, the members of the privy council were in an adjoining room.

"Throughout the whole of this long and painful period, Her Royal Highness evinced the greatest firmness, and received the communication of the child's being dead with much resignation. She manifested no agitation for herself, ejaculating, 'Blessed be God, for the sake of my Prince!' and respecting the child, 'It is the will of God, praise to him in all things!' adding, 'I regret extremely this circumstance; I feel it as a mother naturally should; I feel it also for the people of the country; but, above all, oh! I feel it for my husband. Tell him with caution and tenderness; and be sure to tell him from me, that I am the happiest wife in England!'

Prince Leopold showed the extreme of that attention which the most attached husband can evince on such a momentous occasion, and his hopes of a living child were forgotten in his

grateful rapture for the apparent safety of the partner of his bosom; on being informed, he exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God! the Princess is safe!"

"The Princess being in a composed state, the officers of state left Claremont; Drs. Baillie and Sims retired, leaving her, as has been since asserted, to the care of Sir Richard Croft. Prince Leopold remained with her, and about two hours afterwards, observed to the nurse, that by her articulation and countenance, she appeared much indisposed: the nurse discovered that a serious change had taken place, and applied to Sir R. Croft, who, finding her much exhausted, administered a little brandy and water; the symptoms becoming more alarming, he urged the attendance of the other physicians. The breathing became impeded; and Dr. Stockmar, the family physician, was sent for; the Princess received him in her usual friendly manner, and holding out her hand, he felt her pulse, and begged her to compose herself; he retired into a corner to confer with Dr. Baillie, fully confirming his fears of her situation: the close conversation this led to was noticed by the Princess, and it is supposed she may have received from it the first idea of her great danger."—"The shortness of breathing, already mentioned, was attended with spasms, soon followed by a coldness of the extremities, too often the precursor of death."—"About this time, she asked Dr. — *if he thought she was in danger?* He assured her he did not anticipate actual danger, but wished Her Royal Highness to compose herself; to which the Princess calmly replied, *she perfectly understood what that signified!*"

"She added, that she had one request to make, and also begged it might be put in writing! it was, that *she hoped the customary etiquette would, at some future day, be dispensed with, and that her husband, when his awful time should come, might be laid by her side!*"—"The utterance of this request seemed to have partly relieved her, and was followed by a calm, which gave new expression to her beauty, and by a smile that might almost have been mistaken for the departure of a blessed spirit. She was silent for some time after, when she requested one of the physicians to call in the Prince, whom he found, with heart-rending anxiety, hanging over the fire-place: but on Leopold coming in, the Princess was without the power of articulation, though apparently perfectly sensible."—"For the last half hour, her spasms are said to have subsided; she then sunk into calm composure, silent, but still apparently not insensible."—"In the Princess's last agonies, she grasped those who were near her, and actually threw herself in the arms of Mrs. Lewis, with her head reclining on her left breast, breathing a gentle sigh, and for the last time extending her hand to Prince Leopold, she expired!"

To attempt a description of the Prince's agonising grief would be vain and useless; we leave it to our readers to paint in their imagination the feelings of a young and energetic mind, torn at once from all he loved, from those prospects that teemed with hope, prosperity and bliss.

For three hours after her dissolution, the Prince was asking, at intervals, if she was better: at length a flood of tears burst from him, and in relieving him from illusion, opened his eyes to the fatal truth.

The Prince Regent, who hastened to town on hearing of his daughter's labour, received on his arrival the account of the child's being still-born; and afterwards, the still more heart-rending intelligence of his being childless with every demonstration of grief, and immediately offered his afflicted son-in-law an asylum in Carlton House; which, however, was not accepted, as the Prince with affectionate fondness clung to every object that was endeared by her memory.

The bell of St. Paul's tolled, as is customary when any of the royal family die, and the tradespeople, with one accord, shut up the windows of their shops. We shall not attempt to enter into the minutiae of the universal public sorrow that was exhibited, and believe it to have been almost without precedent.

Orders were now issued for a general mourning. The bodies of the royal mother and child were, according to custom, embalmed; and after being enclosed in several wrappers stiffened with wax, they were covered with rich blue velvet, tied with white satin:

"The hearse, which was to convey the deceased Princess for ever from the place she had so lately graced, arrived at Esher about ten in the morning. It was drawn by eight black horses, and followed by five mourning coaches. At five o'clock the hearse drew up to Claremont; and shortly after, the coffins were enclosed in it. The Prince, with feelings not to be described, and with a countenance and manner too distressing to look upon, now stepped into the coach to follow that lifeless corpse, which was lately animated with kindness and generous affection."—"The remains of the Royal Infant, and the urn, were in the first coach; the hearse, with the body of the Princess Charlotte, next; Prince Leopold, in a coach drawn by six horses, and the attendants, followed. The procession passed through Laleham, Staines, and Runnymede, to Windsor: they came in without flambeaux, or any other light, at a slow foot pace. It was a fine night, and the moon shone brightly all the way till the procession reached Windsor, when, in a remarkable manner, it became overcast, the moon was lost in clouds, and darkness ensued. They reached Windsor at midnight, and the body was deposited at the Lower Lodge till the ensuing day."

"The infant and the urn were removed to St. George's Chapel, and there received by the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Hobart, &c. The body and urn were gradually lowered by a windlass into the royal cemetery, and were temporarily deposited on a shelf, previous to being placed on the coffin of the Princess."

Wednesday, the 19th of November,

was the day on which the mortal remains of the Princess Charlotte were consigned to the earth: business was every where suspended, and all the churches were opened for humiliation and prayer. The bells of the metropolis tolled the funeral knell, and the standard on the Tower was hoisted.

At an early hour the roads leading to Windsor were thronged by carriages, filled with persons in deep mourning.

In the afternoon all preparations for the interment were completed; and at eight o'clock the funeral procession moved from the Lower Lodge, Windsor, to St. George's Chapel, within the walls of the Castle. The Chapel was filled by the most distinguished personages in the country, both male and female; and the lower division of the building was lined with military, bearing flambeaux.

When the procession moved into the Chapel the silence was broken by sighs and tears, followed by the varied chaunting of the choristers:

"Then came the canopy, slowly nodding to the deep tones of the organ—again a pause—silence the most profound—the solitary tones of the officiating priest—the heart-rending, yet heart-consoling prayer—the echoed tread of feet, as the corpse was raised and carried from the choir to the gaping vault. Prince Leopold followed as chief mourner: the coffin was placed with the feet towards the altar; and the Prince took a seat at the head of the corpse. The solemnity of the scene was opened by the burial service; then the 39th and 90th psalms were chaunted. The Rev. H. L. Hobart, Dean of Windsor, read the funeral service, in a most impressive manner, in the Sovereign's stall; and then the favourite anthem, composed by Dr. Blake, from the 16th psalm. When the coffin was lowered, the Dean removed from his stall to that part of the choir near where the machinery was placed, and there read the remainder of the burial service. And afterwards, Sir Isaac Heard pronounced the titles of the Princess, in a voice more broken by grief than age."

"At this period, the attention of all the auditors was directed to Prince Leopold, His Highness became extremely agitated, and the severe command which he had preserved was broken. The burst of anguish that seized him upon hearing the affecting address of the venerable *Garter*, whose voice so very recently had sounded in his ear amidst all the brilliancy of a court, almost unmanned him, and he was obliged to depart abruptly from the heart-rending scene."—"Soon after the congregation departed, whilst the organ played Handel's dead march in *Saul*."

Having brought the narrative before us to the close of what was personally applicable to our lamented Princess, we shall refer the reader to the Author's subsequent remarks and reflections upon the public and private manifestation of grief, and upon the condolence and sympathy of foreign courts, on this melancholy event.

The volume which we are now laying out of our hands, contains numerous heads of information, connected with its interesting object, of which we have not been able to take any notice, and, for which, we can only refer the reader to its pages themselves, as comprehending a repository for all, or nearly all, the materials of the biography to which it is a contribution.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. A Satire. By Lord Byron. 8vo. 2d edit.* 1810.

(Continued from No. IV.)

WE now come to Messrs. Jeffray and Co., which gentlemen his lordship seemed to consider as the best deserving of his poetic castigation; and however he may feel disposed to disallow his northern friends the possession of genius, they have at least been able to elicit such sparks from him, as will be read with pleasure, so long as the works of the authors attacked maintain a place upon our shelves. We will now take a brief review of this paper-war, for so it must be denominated, especially as that material was said to have been used in a duel between two of the principal personages to which our author's poem refers. About the year 1807, his lordship published a small volume of poems, entitled "*Hours of Idleness*," which were written under the age of eighteen years; a period more remarkable for the crude notions of youthful folly, than for the mild and steady flame of poetic genius. When the literary sin of Lord B. is viewed in this light, the conduct of the Edinburgh Reviewers becomes blameable in two instances; firstly, in noticing what was too feeble to encounter criticism, such as theirs; and, secondly, in treating with too great a degree of harshness the infant genius which was then bursting into life. In a few succeeding months they became sensible of the folly committed in the former case, by the severe, yet gentlemanly retaliation which their conduct provoked; and, in the second instance, by the uncommon display of genius which they have since acknowledged. After thus shortly detailing his lordship's "cause of quarrel" with the Edinburgh Reviewers, we hasten to present our readers with a dispute, in which though the combatants took too good precaution to allow of any other than a bloodless issue, a very different result was expected:—

"Health to great JEFFREY! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,

* Called the 3d edition in our former Number, by mistake.

And guard it sacred in its future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When LITTLE'S* leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by †?
 Oh, day disastrous! on her firm set rock,
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
 Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the North;
 TWEED ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career ‡;
 ARTHUR'S steep summit nodded to its base;
 The surly Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If JEFFRAY died, except within her arms||:
 Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white
 reams,

Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,
 And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's Goddess hover'd o'er
 The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of MOORE;
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And strait restor'd it to her favourite's head.
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 * My son,' she cried, 'ne'er thirst for gore again,
 Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
 O'er politics and poetry preside,
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,

* The name assumed by Mr. T. Moore, to usher into the world some of his most reprehensible productions, the immoral tendency of which are universally allowed; and which our author, in an early page of the work, has thus admirably described:—

"Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
 Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
 With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are
 hush'd?"

'Tis LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,
 Griev'd to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust;
 Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
 Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
 She bids thee 'mend thy line, and sin no more.'

REV.

† "In 1806, Messrs. JEFFRAY and MOORE met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints."

‡ "The Tweed here behaved with proper respect; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension."

|| "This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh,) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish."

So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 Nor dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own the chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 The travell'd Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.
 HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer, and some-
 times

In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
 Smug SIDNEY, too, thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic HALLAM* much renown'd for Greek.
 SCOTT may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry PILLANS shall traduce his friend.
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary LAMBE†,
 As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,
 Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM destroy the
 sale,

Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail.
 Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist‡.
 "Illustrious HOLLAND! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
 Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate, at least||.
 Dunedin, view thy children with delight!
 They write for food, and feed because they write:

* "Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT'S "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR'S till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM'S ingenuity. The said HALLAM is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry; not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his composition.—If he did not review Lord HOLLAND'S performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better."

† "The Hon. G. LAMBE reviewed 'BERESFORD'S Miseries,' and is moreover Author of a Farce, enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, 'Whistle for it.'"

‡ "I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was JEFFREY to be saved? The national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies" and gude neighbours, refused to extricate him. A Goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of JEFFREY, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly."

|| "Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author; both are be-praised by his disinterested guests."

And lest, when heated by the unusual grape,
 Some glowing thought should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole*."

With all the admiration that we feel for his lordship's talents as a poet, we cannot but think that it savours of undue severity to abuse an author because his name is not formed of "two orthodox musical syllables;" and if it is criminal to make money by the making of books, the man who receives the most, and whose necessities require it least, must be the more criminal of the two†!—

"Another Epic! Who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men?
 Boetian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market all alive!
 Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five!
 Fresh fish from Helicon! who'll buy? who'll buy?
 The precious bargains cheap—in faith not I.
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night:
 If commerce fills the purse, it clogs the brain,
 And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
 In him an author's luckless lot behold!
 Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame!
 Oh Amos Cottle! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
 Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied!
 Had Cottle‡ still adorn'd the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Plough'd, delv'd, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him."
 (To be concluded in our next.)

The Fudge Family in Paris. Edited by Thomas Brown, the younger, author of "The Twopenny Post-bag." 12mo. pp. 168. 1818.

(Continued from our last, p. 72.)

PARIS furnishes considerable scope for the lively sallies of Miss Fudge and her brother. We still omit the political correspondence of the elder Fudge and Mr. Connor.

"LETTER FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

Last night, at the Beaujon||, a place where—
 I doubt

If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out

* "Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction."

† "We understand that Lord B. received of his publisher, Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, at the rate of twenty shillings per line for "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and nearly an equal sum for his minor poems."—REV.

‡ "Mr. Cottle, Amos or Joseph, I don't know which, but one, or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics, 'Alfred,' (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) 'Alfred' and the 'Fall of Cambria.'"

|| The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, DOLL,—you hardly know
where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold two.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis
a match;

In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old
Scratch*!

Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who
embark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and
fright,—

That there came up—imagine, dear DOLL, if you
can—

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!
Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
'Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vii be so very good—
Just for von littel course'—though I scarce under-
stood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him,
I would.

Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly
know whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming
together,—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air

Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens† we saunter'd
about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd 'magnifique!' at
each cracker,

And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I will say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere
folly—

But *who* do you think we all think it is, DOLLY?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia,

Who's here now incog.‡—he, who made such a
fuss, you

Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLA-
TOFF,

When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat
off!

* I must now bid adieu—only think, DOLLY, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a
wink

With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,

fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly
worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Doc-
teur de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

* According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at the
rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

† In the Café attached to these gardens, there
are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze
nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène
de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos
belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une
main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre
des bras arrondis de celles ci."—Page 22.

‡ His Majesty, who was at Paris under the
travelling name of Count RUPPIN, is known to
have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away
vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY
FUDGE."

* FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON's* mending
my stays,—

Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these
days,

And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our dessert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on my leaning back

Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,

'D—n my eyes, BOB, in doubling the Cape you've
miss'd stayst!'

So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without
them,

They're now at the Schneider's‡—and, while he's
about them,

Here goes for a letter, post-haste—neck and crop—
Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?'

* "You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of 'God-
dam,'

'Coquin Anglais,' et cæ't'ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my 'Day,'

Which will take us all night to get through in this
way)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a
street,

Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,

And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the
Shops;—

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—there, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
use)—

Henri Quartres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—

St. TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;

While there St. VENECIA|| sits hemming and frilling
her

Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
Saint AUSTIN's the 'outward and visible sign

Of an inward' cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,

And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own\$,
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got—next to
none!"

* FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

Well, it is *n't* the King, after all, my dear creature!
But, *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing
to quiz in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, DOLL, though, hang him,
he is *n't*.

At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE,—

(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan,
who's here,

Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere¶,
While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!')

* An English tailor at Paris.

† A ship is said to miss stays, when she does
not obey the helm in tacking.

‡ The dandy term for a tailor.

|| Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handker-
chief, is also, under the name of Venisse or
Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

§ St. Denys walked three miles after his head
was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this
legend is well known:—"Je le crois bien; en
pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

¶ See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote,
told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young
gentleman, whose love was cured by finding that
his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

"What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run
over,

Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through
the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, DOLLY,
yes—

From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,

Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and
Marriage,

'Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly*!'

* "But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love?

In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing like a man was—no lover sate there!

In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went
past,

To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,

As the lock that, Pa says†, is to Mussulmen giv'n,
For the angel to hold by that 'lugs them to
heaven!'

Alas! there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!"

* "When, oh DOLL! I saw him—my hero was there,
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown
leather gaiters)

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er
him‡,

And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh DOLLY, these heroes—what creatures they are!

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of
slaughter;

As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at TORTONI's, o'er ic'd currant-
water!

He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!

BOB wish'd to treat him with *Punch à la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,

And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers betwix'd)
Were, to him, 'on de top of all *Punch* in de world.'

* During our excursion to Montma-
rency, this "Colonel Calicot," as Miss
Biddy supposes him to be, entertains
her with many reflections upon Rousseau
(amongst other writers):—

"'Twas here, too, perhaps,' Colonel CALICOT
said—

As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead
wrinkle

With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle¶)—
'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY,

(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*§, every day.)

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly
by a chain.

† For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was,
I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins;
a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's
library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been
well acquainted at the time when he wrote his
"Down with Kings," &c. The note in Volney is
as follows:—"It is by the tuft of hair, (on the
crown of the head,) worn by the majority of
Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to
take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

‡ "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr.
Scott, "under a Grecian group."

|| The flower which Rousseau brought into such
fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one
day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

§ "Mon ours, voilà votre asyle—et vous, *mon
ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?"—&c. &c.

That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm *!"

* But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd
away,

And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows
woo us,—

The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the 'Twopenny-Post of the
Eyes'—

Ah DOLL! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wander'd at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like
mine!"

* Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,

(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would
prove!)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my
love,—

(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the
price—

And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought
I should drop—

There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a
doubt—

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw
him stand,

With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd
out,

And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his
hand!

Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a 'Brandenburgh,'
dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—

To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I
believe,—

But his smiling, alas! could no longer deceive—
I fell back on BOB—my whole heart seem'd to
wither—

And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember, that BOB, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness, said, 'Curse the Kiddy,
A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him!

But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!
Only think, my dear creature, if this should be
known

To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!

* "Un jour, qu'il geloit très fort, en ouvrant
un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit
jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit
avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse
faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut
si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me
vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois
en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with
the men!

It will spread through the country—and never
oh, never

Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE."

This whiskered hero of Miss Biddy's
attention, is, perhaps, not the only in-
stance of such noble-looking, hussar-
imitations, proving, in the sequel, to be
under a less sublime chief than Mars.
As a warning to all fair ladies, not
generously to place equal reliance upon
such visible and imposing claims to
distinction, we have thus inserted poor
Miss Biddy's humiliating experience.
For the rest, the idea history of "Colonel
Calicot" has been furnished to the au-
thor by the Parisian Stage, on which
the military airs of men-milliners and
mantuamakers* have, for some time
past, been a subject of derision.

"Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger,"
is said to be a new disguise of "Mr.
Thomas Moore." A Correspondent asks
us, whether Mr. Moore has been lately
in France, and expresses doubt of the
verisimilitude of the "queue" given to
the modern French postilion, (see the
former part of this article, page 71,) however appropriate such a piece of
furniture might be in the days of Law-
rence Sterne.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OBSERVATIONS ON SINGING.

BY WILLIAM HARMONY.

"What every body does, but not one in a million
does well."

A Mara and a Dickons, an Incledon
or a Braham, are rarely heard,—per-
haps not twice in a century. What is
this scarcity of fine singers owing to?
Why is Incledon, our first ballad-singer,
and Phillips, who is second to none as
an elegant and energetic singer, now
warbling "my native land I bade
adieu," and seeking their bread in a
foreign clime? and why is Mrs. Dickons,
who is confessedly the goddess of
English song, not engaged at either
Theatre or Concert? This most diffi-
cult art, *the practice of which seems
not to be comprehensible by more than
one in a million*, (for who can reckon
a dozen accomplished singers in Great
Britain,) the writer feels equally diffi-
cult to descant upon, although he
has served three apprenticeships to

* The truth is, that every thing in France is
military;—and we may add—that in France the
military are every thing. We have been assured
by an English Surgeon, who lately visited Paris,
that, having sought the professional acquaintance
of two or three of the principal surgeons in that
capital, he found them loaded with military orders.

the study of it; though the number-
less criticisms our daily papers are
continually teeming with, are suffi-
ciently convincing that many fancy they
can teach others what they are them-
selves totally ignorant of, and their
pens go on galloping equally fast on all
subjects,—one of which would require
many years' study, besides natural
faculties, which fall to the lot of but
few. No man has all his senses in
perfection; few have a single one in
any degree approaching it,—and the
Eye of Raphael, the Ear of Handel,
the Palate of Apicius, or the sensitive
touch of the Blind man, who could feel
Colours, are phenomena of perfection
which Nature seldom makes a second
time. It is a maxim of the Italian
school, that of the hundred requisites
to constitute a fine singer, a fine voice
is ninety-nine parts; however, we be-
lieve the first requisite is a fine ear, the
second a quick, and, perhaps, rather
an uncommon degree of susceptibility
of what the poet and composer intend
him to express. To produce effect on
others, the singer must himself feel the
passion he wishes to inoculate his
hearers with. So many circumstances
must indispensably combine to give the
singer full scope for his powers, that,
considering all things, it is wonder-
ful they do what they do. With all
physical advantages, matured by a re-
gular musical education, the singer
must be in good humour with himself,
and all about him; his mind must be
in tune before he will have any chance
of tuning his voice. Music is rarely
made on purpose for the words: and
the utmost modern composers common-
ly attempt, is to count the number of
feet in a stanza, and then pick out a
ready-made tune, and fit it to the words
as well as they can, which often are no
better adapted to aid each others' ex-
pression, than the words of the song in
The Haunted Tower, "Whither, my
love, ah! whither art thou gone?" are
to go under Dibdin's Irish jig, "Go to
the devil, and shake yourself." Some
of Handel's finest compositions do not
produce half the effect they would, if
the sense and sound were more in
unison, although his failing was merely
false accent, arising, no doubt, from his
not sufficiently well understanding our
language, which not one in an hundred,
even among our well-educated natives,
can read with tolerable "good empha-
sis and good discretion." Purcel has
frequently sad instances of cruel sacri-
fices of sense to sound; and for his
present popularity, is, we are sure, very
greatly, if not entirely, indebted to the
beautiful manner his compositions are

sung by Mr. Bartleman. Composers and singers would do wisely to get a good reader, to read the poetry to them they are going to set or sing, and to read and consider it attentively themselves, before they attempt to do either; "as men must walk before they learn to dance." A most accomplished and experienced English songstress, who was universally allowed to sing with more good taste and good sense than any of her cotemporaries, assured one of my pupils, that she owed her popularity to an honest old German violoncello player, who had discrimination to hear when she deviated from her usual pure style, (which all first-rate artists will sometimes do,) and candour and kindness enough to tell her his real opinion. Before she sung at an oratorio or concert, she always rehearsed before her old friend, begging him to point out every thing he thought might be mended, which he commonly did in these words:—"Pray, madame, do dat passage ofer akain—and ting* all de dime you zing."

Few composers write down their ideas exactly as they intend to express them; and musical notation, though sometimes intelligible to masters of the science, and the fortunate few whom Nature has furnished with an exquisite ear and an excellent understanding,—to common faculties, there is too much truth in Pope's lines,—that vocal music, as written at present, requires many

"Graces, that no art can teach,

And which a master's hand alone can reach."

Which the assistance of a few additional characters would, we think, very much facilitate the acquisition of to beginners. Thus, as songs seldom can be sung as they are set down, and the poetical accent is as seldom coincident to the musical accent, it appears to be no easy task, even to a singer of superior ability, to reconcile these differences between the poet and musician, so as to give full effect to the poetry, and, at the same time, preserve the melody; *the simple utterance of sounds, without the distinct articulation of words*, does not deserve to be called singing: it is *merely playing upon the voice*, (*a concerto on the larynx*,) which, indeed, is all that singing masters, who are frequently foreigners, attempt to teach their scholars, who (very seldom attempt to make any impression on their auditors beyond their ears, and) keep them for years sol-fa-ing, without rhyme or reason. To sing to the mind of others, they must sing with their own mind, and give the feeling and force of every syllable, and every quaver its exact relative value, instead of bawling upon, from,

* "Think."

to, of, in, and, but, &c. merely because they come under the accented part of the bar, or a good note in the singer's voice. It has, perhaps, never before been observed, that the *comic* singer rests all his hopes on the effect he can give to the poetry. The (in want of a better term) *serious* singer is studying to show the power or volubility of his voice, and seldom thinks more of the words, than as so many pegs to hang the crotchets on. We must be excused from giving instances of this from the vocal performers of the present day: we should feel pain if we offended the feelings of those who have often given us pleasure;

"Cross'd be the life, how smooth so'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest mind my foe;"

and therefore cite as examples, such of our musical favourites as still live in our memory. The incomparable Madame Mara excelled all the *sopranos* we ever heard in combining sense and sound. Madame Storace was another brilliant specimen: Miss Leak promised fair to equal either; but by attempting to convert a fine counter-tenor into a soprano, so strained the organs of voice, that she very soon lost it, to the regret of all who ever heard her. This reminds us of an error most singing masters have; instead of consulting and cultivating the genius of their pupils in the particular style of song Nature has pointed out she intended for them, the throats of their poor scholars are tormented with everlasting *volatas* and divisions: we remember an instance of this hyper-cultivation of voice in a celebrated singer, who, in consequence of such over-practice having been forced upon him by an ignorant master, in order to make the most of the boy's voice, could not hold a note steady the time of a demi-semi; and if a *sostenuto* movement made it indispensable, every note was *tremulante*, and the throat seemed in the same state of irritation as the feet of a spiry horse are, who cannot stand still a moment after he is harnessed. Of this sad effect from over-exertion of the organs of voice before they have acquired a sufficient degree of strength, our readers will presently recollect with regret too many instances of those who had delightful voices when boys, who now have hardly one good note.

Jonathan Batteshall, who had considerable practice as a singing-master, used to say he had quite as much trouble in unteaching his pupils what they did wrong, as in teaching them how to do right. The following anecdote I was favoured with by a pupil of his:—Batteshall, who was an excellent mimic, after he had given him a few

lessons; and endeavoured to correct some habits of his pupil which he did not like, addressed him thus: "Are you a good-tempered fellow? Will you forgive me if I take you off? I know no other way of showing you the absurd tricks you play, than by imitating them." The gentleman who related the above ("verbatim") to me, assured me, he believed Batteshall taught him more by this pleasantry, than he could have learned in half a year's lecturing. There is no more original genius among singers, than among other people; perhaps the two or three leading singers of the day may sing in a style of their own; all the rest imitate one or the other, and copy them as Painters, who work after a particular school.

(To be continued.)

MAY-DAY CUSTOMS.

THE celebration of the first of May is of great antiquity. Varro relates that it was a great festival among the Romans, in honour of Maia, and that the day was devoted to diversion and pleasure; the principal inhabitants frequented Ostia* to spend their time in greater festivity; all were adorned with garlands of flowers; and the very doors of the houses were decked with branches, from which were suspended fruits and cakes. Polydore Vergil says, that "at the Calendes of Maie," not only houses and gates were garnished with boughs and flowers, but "in some places the churches, which fashion is derived of the Romaynes, that use the same to honour their Goddess Flora with such ceremonies, whom they named Goddess of Frutes:" the same author relates, that among the Italians, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields on the Calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came, and so place them at the door of their houses.

Some are of opinion that we have derived the custom from our Gothic ancestors, rather than from the Romans. Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus says, "that after their long winter, from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendour of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May Day, the Goths and Southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters.

It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a Maying early on the first of May, and noble and royal personages as well as the vulgar did not disdain,

"To do observance to a morn of May."

Thus we read in Chaucer's Court of Love,

* A town, built at the mouth of the river Tiber by Ancus Martius, King of Rome, about sixteen miles distant from Rome. It had a celebrated harbour, and was so pleasantly situated, that the Romans generally spent a part of the year there as in a country seat.

that early on May-day "fourth goth al the court, both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." King Henry the Eighth and Queen Katherine partook of this diversion, and rode a maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooters' Hill, accompanied with many lords and ladies: and in the beginning of his reign, the same monarch, with his courtiers, rode on May-day very early to fetch may, or green boughs, and went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood. The court of King James the First also, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day.

Stubbs, in the "Anatomie of Abuses," 3vo. 1585, tells us, "against Maie, every parish, towne, and village, assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, even all indifferently; and either goyng all together, or devidyng themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, some to another, where they spende all the night in pastymes, and in the mornynge they returne, bringing with them birch, bowes, and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall."

Stow narrates, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in maypoles, with diverse warlike shewes, with good archers, morice dauncers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage plays, and bon-fiers in the streetes." It was at one of these mayings, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, that the aldermen and sheriffs of London spent the first of May, at the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebunheath, where they had "a worshipfull dinner for themselves, and other commers," when Lydgate the poet sent to them, by a poursuivant, a joyfull commendation of that season, in a poem beginning "Mightie Flora, goddess of fresh flowers," &c.

Shakspeare says, it was impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning, and that they rose early to observe the rite of May.

The milk-maids dressed themselves neatly on this day, and borrowing abundance of silver plate, whereof they made a pyramid, which they adorned with ribands and flowers, carried it upon their heads instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milk-maids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers. In allusion to this custom, in the dedication to Col. Martin's Familiar Epistles, 1635, it is said, "What's a May-day milking pail without a garland and a fiddle?" Strutt mentions these mayings as "in some sort kept up by the milk-maids in London" in his time.

Bourne tells us, that in his time, in the villages in the north of England, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight on the morning of the first of May, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with musick and the blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nose-gays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned homewards with their booty, about

the time of sunrise, and made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil. And Brand complains of his being disturbed early in May-morning at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by a woman with garlands in her hands, singing,

"Rise up maidens! fye for shame!
For I've been four lang miles from hame;
I've been gathering my garlands gay;
Rise up, fair maids, and take in your may."

Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland, tells us, that a syllabub is prepared for the *May feast*, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake, and wine; and a kind of divination is practised, by *fishing with a ladle for a wedding ring*, which is dropped into it, for the purpose of prognosticating who shall first be married. In Cornwall, says Borlase, speaking of the May customs, every house exhibits a proper signal of the approach of spring "to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

The origin of the May-pole, which was accustomed to be erected on the first of May, is placed in a curious light by the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Way to Things by Words, and Words by Things," who says, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day; and that the column of may (whence our may-pole) was the great standard of justice in the Ey-Commons, or Fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and their kings. The judges' bough or wand, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling nosegay,) and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military, (for it was the mace of civil power, and the truncheon of the field-officers,) are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this May, in the sense of lawful power; the crown, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the mace and the sceptre, was also taken from the May, being representative of the garland or crown, which, when hung on the top of the may or pole, was the great signal for convening the people; the arches of it, which spring from the circlet, and meet together at the mound or round bell, being necessarily so formed to suspend it to the top of the pole. "The word May-pole," he observes, "is a pleonasm: in French, it is called singly the *Mai*."* Mr. Borlase thinks that the May-pole took its rise from the earnest desire of the people to see their king; who, seldom appearing at other times, made his procession at this time of the year to the great assembly of the states held in the open air.

The May-pole, of the English festival of May day, was generally brought with great veneration from the wood where it was cut down, and planted in a convenient part of the village, decorated with garlands of flowers, the people dancing and singing around it. By an ordinance of the Long Parliament in 1644, all May-poles were taken down (for they stood all the year without any violation being offered to them) and removed; but after the restoration, they were permitted to be erected again. In a curious collection of

* Has the *Champ de Mai*, in the early History of France, and which was attempted to be revived by Buonaparte in 1815, the same origin?

poetical pieces, entitled "A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies, 1657," is the following:—

"THE MAY-POLE.
"The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
All drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those,
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

In several villages in the county of Durham, particularly those in the neighbourhood of Shields, the first of May is still a festival. On this day the May-pole is erected and decorated with flowers, a prize being given to the person who shall climb up and fix a garland on its summit: the village girls, with their heads, and several parts of their dress, ornamented with wild flowers, and the young men, with garlands in their hats, dance round the May-pole until dark, when they adjourn to the house of some gentleman or farmers, who has provided a supper for the occasion, and where the remainder of the evening is spent in singing, dancing, and the utmost festivity. The May-pole stands until the ensuing year. A similar custom still prevails in Sweden, where, a traveller informs me, you may meet with May-poles in every part of the country.

Of the Morris dance, which, though one of the sports of May-day, was not confined to it, we shall have occasion to speak in a future Number.

In Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, there is a curious account of some superstitious customs observed in several districts in Scotland on the first of May, which they call "*Beltan*" or "*Baltin* Day;" and in Ireland the day does not pass unnoticed, though in a different manner.

All the ancient May-day customs are entirely in disuse in London; and the only substitute is the ludicrous caperings of the chimney-sweepers, some of whom are fantastically dressed in girls' clothes, their faces smeared with brick-dust by way of paint, and their dresses embroidered with gilt paper in great profusion, making a noise with their shovels and brushes, or accompanied by a drum and fife, and begging money of every person they meet: they continue going about the streets of London for some days, perhaps as long as they can get any thing.

We cannot better conclude this article than with the following beautiful song by Milton:—

ON MAY-MORNING.
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE MILK-MAID.

[From a Tract, printed in the year 1686, entitled "Twelve Ingenious Characters."]

A HAPPY Milk-maid is a country-girl that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of her is able to beat all *face painting* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to

commend virtue; therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with laying long a-bed, spoil both her complexion and condition; nature hath taught her, that too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises, therefore, with the lark, and goes to bed with the lamb. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems as if so sweet a milk-press made the milk the sweeter and the whiter, for never came perfumed gloves or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall to kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which smells all the year long, as in June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dare go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is always accompanied with *old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle thoughts. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, that she may have store of flowers strewed with her corpse.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Effect of Hot Water on Flowers.—By the following process, the lovers of flowers will be enabled to prolong the enjoyment of their short-lived beauty for a considerable period. For this purpose it is merely necessary to place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the length of the stem: by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will be found erect and fresh: then cut off the shrivelled end of the stems, and put them in cold water.

Cure of the Blight or Mildew in Apple Trees.—The following method has been successfully adopted by the American farmers:—In the spring they rub tar well into the bark of the apple-trees, about four or six inches wide round each tree, and at about one foot from the ground, which effectually prevents the blight: abundant crops have been the consequence.

Oxi-hydrogen Blow-pipe.—It appears that the supposed discoveries of Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, with the oxi-hydrogen blow-pipe, were in reality made in 1811-2, by Mr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia; actually pub-

lished by him in the memoirs of the Connecticut Society; and, fourteen years ago, in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine.

Altitude of Hills.—The following are the height, in feet, of the principal hills in the north-west of England, above the level of the sea: Brown Willy, Cornwall, 1,368; But-terton Hill, Devon, 1,203; Breadumy Beacon, Gloucester, 1,203; Cader Brown, Cornwall, 1,011; Carraton Hill, Cornwall, 1,208; Cawsand Beacon, Devon, 1,792; Cleane Down, Gloucester, 1,184; Dundry Beacon, Cornwall, 1,034; Inkipin Beacon, Hants, 1,011; Kit Hill, Cornwall, 1,067; Malvern Hill, Worcester, 1,444; Rippon Tor, Dartmouth, Devon, 1,549.

Animal Flower.—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern of that isle, near the sea, is a large basin, the water of which is brackish, and its bottom composed of rocks; from these proceed beautiful flowers of a bright shining colour, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds: these seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand, retire like a snail out of sight. On examining their substance closely, there appear, in the middle of the disk, four brown filaments, resembling spiders' legs. These legs have pincers to seize their prey; and upon seizing it, the yellow petals immediately close. The body of the animal is about the size of a raven's quill. It is probable that this strange creature derives its food from the spawn of fish, and the marine insects thrown by the sea into the basin.

EXHIBITION

OF THE

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS, SPRING-GARDENS.

THE intimate connection of the Fine Arts with Literature, renders some notice of such subjects almost necessary to a Literary Journal: and though we have hitherto, by the press of other matter, been prevented from entering upon it, our pen has been reluctantly withheld. Now is the season for these things; the spring time of Art, as well as of Nature. The product of the slow and silent labour of the artist's year is now brought forth into open day. The Exhibition at Spring-Gardens commenced on the 20th, that of Somerset-House will open next Monday; and on the same day, we believe, will be displayed, at the British Institution, a grand collection of the works of the old masters. So that for the next six or eight weeks, should we be so disposed, there will be ample materials before us for observation and criticism.

We are free to confess, that we enter more cheerfully upon this subject at the present moment, because we perceive, with pleasure and with pride, that there is beginning to be a reaction in the public mind in favour of British art. When the Continent was first opened to the English traveller, the whole world of amateurs became tinctured with the cant of the foreigner, and poor England was called upon to go to school again: but those learned gentlemen, who have lately returned from their travels, have been so well cheated abroad, that they are glad to come back to the artists of their own country for common sense and common honesty. The cold, unfeeling, heartless productions of the French

painters; the *mere maps* of mountains, instead of pictures, produced by the Swiss; and the worse than nothingness of the Italians, now cease to be held up as models of imitation. England is, at last, found to be the only place where there is any thing like a poetic feeling in art: and though we would by no means wish to be blind to the defects of our own painters, (which defects it will be our business, in the course of these observations, to point out,) yet we cannot help setting down, with some exultation, the opinions of others, as well as our own, on this subject: for be it known to our readers, that we, too, have been abroad. We have seen the works of those men who, with shameless effrontery, assume to dictate to the world on matters of art, as they have been accustomed to do on affairs of politics and state. Unluckily for Frenchmen, however, the truth is out at last; and after all their boasting, it will be found that they have more to learn from us than we from them.—But more of this hereafter.—At present we have only room to say, that the Exhibition at Spring-Gardens this year exceeds in merit all that have preceded it, during the fourteen years that the Society has been established: and we cannot close these introductory observations without calling our reader's attention to No. 60, *The Happy Valley*, by G. Barrett, not only as eminently distinguished in the exhibition, but as furnishing a brilliant proof of the truth of the foregoing remarks.

There is a story related of some country people, who having been set a dancing by the enchantments of the Wizard, Michael Scott, were not only unable themselves to discontinue their involuntary evolutions, but all who accidentally came within sight of them were seized with an irresistible desire to join in their mirth. In proportion to the power of his genius, every author of works of imagination is a Michael Scott; and in judging of the productions of the fine arts, there is no criterion so little fallible as that of observing whether we ourselves are impressed with an enthusiastic desire to become actors in the scenes they present to us. Mr. Barrett's picture rises in our estimation by applying to it the test here proposed: it is an accumulation of all that is delicious in the external world, and in the means of social enjoyment; of every thing, in short, that fits itself to the higher order of human tastes. The grounds are covered with fruits; beautiful living things are playing upon the waters: there are places for splendour, and shady solitudes for repose. Nothing but the impatient restlessness of human nature, the prying hope that is ever labouring to gaze at the unseen and unattainable, could vitiate itself into disgust with such a paradise. We would not be understood to say that there are no faults in this picture: the artist seems to have been hurried in the completion of it, and scarcely to have pursued out his own intention: but what he has done, is original and beautiful; and we do not envy the feelings of that man who can stand before it unmoved; or who, instead of dwelling on its higher qualities, can begin with criticising its minuter imperfections. Such has not been our case; and such, we will venture to say, will not be the case with the majority of our readers.—But more of this Exhibition next week.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The plot of the tragedy of *The Jew of Malta*, altered from MARLOW, is simple, though tolerably filled with incident.

Barabas, the Jew, has suffered injuries from the Maltese government; has been driven from his house, and stripped of a portion of his property. He determines on revenge, and finds it first in embroiling the governor's son *Lodowick* with his daughter's lover, *Don Mathias*: they fight, and are both killed. His own head is not unvisited, for his daughter *Abigail* retires to a nunnery and dies of grief for the loss of her betrothed. He becomes alarmed for the confession which, in dying, she had made; inveigles the friar, who had become master of his share in the duel, to his house, and strangles him. But he had now been induced to admit a new accessory, in a slave whom he had lately purchased. The slave is entrapped by a courtesan and a robber, and *Parabas* is now tortured by demands on *Ithamore*, the slave's part, for money to keep this secret. The Jew hesitates at nothing which can accomplish his safety or his revenge; he makes his way to the courtesan's house, in the disguise of a minstrel, finds the party in the height of feasting, and puts poison in the wine. The slave's declaration has brought him before the governor, the rack is ordered for *Barabas*, but before it can be applied, intelligence comes that all the accused and the accusers have died of poison. But *Barabas* has not yet completed his formidable course. His draught had been but a soporific, and on being thrown over the walls as a corpse, he makes his way to the Turks then besieging Malta, introduces them into the town through a secret passage, and is appointed governor. He is now at the height of his ambition, but his revenge has further caprices; and to extend slaughter, he offers to resell the town to its former masters for a large sum, and the confirmation of his appointment. The terms are agreed on, he conceals the surprise of the Turkish garrison, and the murder of the Turkish prince at a banquet. He prepares a sumptuous entertainment. The Turk comes with his principal officers; *Barabas* descends from the banqueting-room to receive them; the concerted signal is given, and the hall is filled with Christian soldiers; at the same moment shots are discharged from its gallery, and *Parabas* falls mortally wounded. The Turks are now prisoners to the knights, and the Christian governor declares that the Jew had been shot by his order, as a means of preventing the massacre of the Turkish officers; and as a punishment for his own incorrigible treachery.

Mr. KEAN, in the part of *Barabas*, displays his usual superiority of talent. Indeed the office of criticism on this gentleman's performances has long been confined to varying the language in which eulogium is to be conveyed; he certainly merits the praises with which he meets at the hands of the public: we speak generally, and by no means wish to draw an invidious comparison between him and other actors of approved ability, particularly in that cast of tragedy for which he is so justly celebrated; but there are one or two gentlemen whom, as we have intimated, we wish we could see off the

shelf and on the stage, even in second rate characters to Mr. Kean, not hoping thereby, in the smallest degree, to detract from his fame, but wishing to see those characters more ably sustained than they generally are: this would give opportunity for the preferment of talent, and greatly add to the respectability of the profession. Returning, however, from this digression, we have to observe, that the catastrophe of this play is forced and artificial, and requires all the aid of the peculiarly forcible expression of this eminent actor, to communicate that highly impressive degree of interest in the progress of the piece, and solemnity at its conclusion, in which he unquestionably succeeded to the utmost. The predominant passions—love of gold, of self, and of being possessed by an insatiable desire of revenge, he finely discriminates, and yet does he blend their influence, as they regard the consummation of his schemes, most admirably. The production itself being by no means free of obstacles in diction, as well as in incident; his masterly portraiture of a character, therefore, having such defects inherent, reflects the highest credit on his genius, several of the incidents being hardly within the pale of probability, and would be in danger, we apprehend, in the hands of most of our performers, of bordering, in some instances, rather on the burlesque:—not having received a copy of it, as it is acted, we cannot venture, at present, to make any extracts from the original, for the purpose of pointing out more definitively those passages in which we thought him most happy; the intensity of feeling so peculiar to himself; that potent passion; that hellish sarcasm; as well as that perfection of his art he incomparably evinced. In our current Number, we mention only his deportment before the senate, where, commanded to surrender the whole of his wealth, half being levied in the first instance by the Maltese governor, his brethren accede to this imposition; but as he positively refused, in the first instance, to concede a moiety, his all is peremptorily demanded; but he contrives, with the assistance of his daughter, to secure a portion of it, which he had previously secreted: his horrible and solemn imprecations on the heads of those who had wronged him, was very efficient, as were his directions to his daughter, where his treasure lay concealed; his soliloquy, descriptive of the superior wealth of his tribe; his joy on receiving the money bags; and that spirit of implacable revenge, which he coloured so highly, so correctly, throughout; and the bullying rage which he uses to intimidate the myrmidons of the governor when taken prisoner, and ordered to be tortured to death, was highly effective: his song, in the disguise of a harper, produced a fine effect; it was vehemently encored; it was given in the most tasteful style. Should the piece become popular, it will owe that distinction to the acting of Mr. KEAN:—his is the only prominent character. His daughter *Abigail*, by Mrs. BARTLEY, has but little in her composition to concern an audience, regarding her fate; but the smallness of her scope did not prevent this lady from giving it all possible feeling. The lovers who bled for *Abigail*, were insipid gentlemen; they sighed, swore, lamented, and gave each other the lie, with-

out creating much sympathy; and they fell, without causing any other emotion than of abhorrence of the treachery to which they became victims—killing each the other, to accommodate themselves to the Jew's villany. *Ithamore*, by Mr. HARLEY, was original, and very good as far as it went; it is not a very probable character, and therefore the more difficult to delineate; he has little to do, and we say that little is improbable, inasmuch as that a mind constituted as is that of the Jew, should place such extreme confidence in him, thereby subjecting himself to exposure without having a collateral claim on his tool, counterbalancing the risk which he runs in employing him, having nothing whereby to command his silence, because in disclosing his own and his master's villany, he exposes his employer to the forfeit; not himself; his insignificance is his protection: the Jew has nothing but poison ultimately with which to stop his boastings: this defect applies to the composition of the piece, not to the acting. It was excellently got up; impressive scenery; much show in the dresses and decorations, perhaps a little too much so for the lovers of legitimate tragedy—this is the fault of the public taste, not of the managers, they must conform to the prejudices of the age, be they what they may, in this respect. The prologue and epilogue were well spoken: the former by Mr. BARNARD, the latter by Mrs. BARTLEY. An allusion to Mr. KEAN in the prologue, drew forth rapturous applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. SHIELL's new tragedy of "*Bellamira*," the success of which we took notice of in our last, has undergone some slight alterations for the better since its first representation, and seems now to be fully established in the favour of the public. The following is an outline of the plot:—

Montalto, (Mr. YOUNG) a Venetian nobleman, and chief admiral of Venice, had been unjustly stigmatized as a traitor to the republic, and with difficulty made his escape, after witnessing (as he supposed) the murder of his wife and only child by the hands of his own brother, who was among the foremost of his persecutors. He fled to Tunis, and induced by a hope of revenge on his ungrateful country, became a renegade. At the opening of the piece he is governor of Tunis, under the viceroy of Haradin, then absent on an expedition destined to repel the advances of Charles V., who was at that time attempting the destruction of the Moors.

Count Manfredi, (Mr. C. KEMBLE) a nobleman of Naples, in slavery at Tunis, having learned that the Emperor Charles was on his march against the Moors, excites his fellow slaves to insurrection, offering to become their leader, and binding himself by an oath, that not liberty, nor even the embraces of his wife and child, could make him abandon the common cause. Immediately after taking this oath, he is accidentally brought under the notice of *Montalto*, then governor of Tunis; who, from motives of generosity, gives him his liberty. At this period a new capture of Christian slaves arrive, and among these are *Salerno*, (Mr. TERRY) the villainous brother of *Montalto*; *Bellamira*, (Miss O'NEIL) who had been brought up in the belief that she was his

(*Salerno's*) daughter; and her infant child, (Miss BODEN). A very affecting interview takes place between *Salerno* and *Bellamira* upon their being about to be separated, in which he confesses himself a murderer, but adds, that he is not her father; and before he can pronounce the name of her real father, he is overpowered by a temporary weakness, and carried off by his captors in a state of insensibility. *Bellamira* is afterwards (while pursuing one of the Moors who had run off with her child) made suddenly to come in the way of *Manfridi*, and recognises him as her husband, whom she had supposed to be dead. While the Moors, by whom she had been captured, are attempting to take her forcibly from *Manfridi*, she is unexpectedly rescued by the timely arrival of *Montalto*, who shows great agitation on hearing the name of *Bellamira*, such having been the name of his lost daughter. He restores her to freedom, her husband, and her child. *Amurat*, (Mr. MACREADY) then arrives from the camp of the viceroy, with an order to put to death the chief of the Christian slaves, and to succeed *Montalto* as governor of Tunis. *Amurat* had formerly been a Neapolitan nobleman, and an unsuccessful lover of *Bellamira*, whom he had attempted, with the assistance of banditti, forcibly to carry off; but being discovered and overcome, he had been degraded from his nobility, branded on the forehead as a robber, and cast out from Naples. The unfortunate *Manfridi*, who was the person most active in defeating his attempt, and bringing about his subsequent disgrace, becomes at once the object of his revenge and jealousy. In the meantime, however, *Montalto* had procured a ship to carry off *Manfridi* and his wife from Tunis, which is only prevented by the headstrong obstinacy of *Manfridi*, on the one hand, who will not consent to abandon the oath he had made to the Christian slaves; and the devoted constancy of *Bellamira*, on the other, who is equally resolute in refusing to leave her husband. In speaking to him of his honour and his oath, she at once pathetically exclaims—

"Obey it.—
But there's another voice within me here;
It cries as loud, and it shall be obey'd.
The despot honour in a hero's breast
Holds not a rule more absolute than love
On its own throne—a woman's trembling heart."

Amurat comes in during the conflict; discovers *Manfridi*, who is dragged away in chains; and on recognising *Bellamira*, as the object of his early love, he orders her to be conveyed to his harem. A meeting then takes place between *Salerno* and *Montalto*, who discover their relationship; and after some explanation, *Montalto* is informed that his daughter still lives; is *Bellamira*; is at Tunis; and, last of all, is in the power of *Amurat*. The wretched father is horror-struck. A very interesting scene is next exhibited in the harem, between *Amurat* and *Bellamira*; who, driven almost to madness, suddenly grasps his poniard, and threatens to stab herself if he offers to approach her. Her husband is then brought in and doomed to instant death, unless she throws down the dagger, but she is resolute. The introduction of her child is next resorted to, to enforce her compliance, when the dagger falls from her hand, and *Amurat* is about to seize her, but

is suddenly prevented by *Montalto* unexpectedly making his appearance in the harem, and receiving his fainting daughter in his arms. The father and husband, with the other Christian captives, are then sent to a dungeon, and *Amurat* resumes his attempts on *Bellamira*; but before he can effect his purpose, the victorious army of Charles is at the gates of Tunis, and he is called off to battle. Previously, however, he gives an order for the execution of *Manfridi*, and the other Christian captives, who are taken out to be butchered; and *Montalto* alone, is left behind chained to a pillar. The guards, in retiring, omit to fasten the floor of the dungeon, and by some unaccountable chance, the forlorn *Bellamira* finds her way to it in the confusion, and is soon in the arms of her unhappy father. They have scarcely recognised each other, before *Amurat* enters the dungeon, accuses *Montalto* of treachery; stabs him, and retires. The shout of battle is then heard without, and *Amurat* returns covered with wounds and blood; his sabre broken; his turban off; and his branded forehead bare. He makes a desperate attempt on the lives of *Bellamira* and her infant, who are only saved by the dying *Montalto* stabbing him in the back. The conquerors enter in triumph, and *Manfridi* and *Bellamira* are restored to each other's arms.—Of this story our readers will, we think, concur with us when we say, that it is more strongly than happily conceived. It will be seen, from the sketch we have given, that the plot abounds sufficiently in distinctive characters and striking situations, to interest and keep alive the attention of the audience; but at the same time it can escape the observation of nobody, who is acquainted with the "Apostate," that there is scarcely one of these characters or situations, a nearly exact prototype of which may not be found in that previous tragedy of the author. It is again of Moors and Spaniards—of Moslem palaces, and inquisition dungeons—of inexorable rivals and devoted lovers—of beauty in jeopardy, and faith steadfast unto death, that the author has essayed to form his tragic story. It supplies, it is true, a number of most striking situations, and produces a conflict of passions as distracting, perhaps, as can possibly agitate humanity; but to be striking is not always to be pleasing; and to agonize is not to subdue. In many respects we are decidedly of opinion that the present tragedy is superior to the "Apostate." In one important particular, we allude to the moral of the piece, they are wholly distinct: in the "Apostate," the innocent and the guilty are involved in one common ruin; whereas in "*Bellamira*," the lovers are ultimately restored to the arms of each other; and the only victims are the misguided *Montalto*, and the villain *Amurat*. Throughout the play, however, and even in this last winding-up scene, there appears to us a superfluity of tragedy, which is quite uncalled for, and which makes us revolt with horror, instead of melting us to that anguish of pity, which is the legitimate object of all tragedy. But although the present production is thus far objectionable, it has still many redeeming merits, and merits too of the very highest order. If the author has chosen to place his characters in situations of energy and distrac-

tion somewhat out of nature, it must be confessed that he has enabled them to support their situations admirably well. In strength of language; in elevation of sentiment; in appositeness of embellishment, it is not often that a piece of such excellence comes under the judgment of the public. Many passages were in the highest degree poetical; and some there were, which from originality of thought, and beauty of imagery, seemed to us to bid fair to rank among the most choice specimens of our national genius. All the performers acquitted themselves most ably. Miss O'NEILL never, perhaps, displayed herself in a sphere of such magic power before: the shudder of horror with which she recoils from the contaminating touch of *Amurat* in the harem; and the convulsion of agony into which she is raised by the savage threat, to murder her husband and her child before her eyes, unless she throws down the dagger, which was then her only protection from violation, have not, perhaps, been exceeded by any thing within the whole range of tragic action. They must be seen to be appreciated: and once seen, will never be forgot. In the character of the care-worn *Montalto*, Mr. YOUNG displayed his usual taste and judgment. Mr. TERRY, and Mr. C. KEMBLE, were also very able representatives of the respective characters of *Salerno* and *Manfridi*: and though last, certainly not least, Mr. MACREADY, in the relentless *Amurat*, displayed all that diabolical malignity which might be supposed to inhabit the fierce and turbulent bosom of the disappointed renegade.

Original Poetry.

THE FLOWERS OF LOVE.

In Love's most wild delighted hours
He cull'd a wreath of sweetest flowers,
Nor thought their perfume e'er could die,
While Love still o'er them hover'd nigh;
Oft, to revive the withering wreath,
Love on his drooping flowers would breathe;
Alas! not even his magic breath,
Could save the sinking flowers from death!
While thus the flowers are plung'd in gloom;
Now, mark the change—again they bloom;
Each tint a soften'd lustre wears,
Reviving in his precious tears:
And thus would his unchanging smile,
Of half our griefs the hours beguile;
Then welcome every transient tear,
Which makes those smiles return more dear!

D. A. O'N.

THE APPARITION.

[A part of this poem having been accidentally omitted last week, we now re-insert the whole.]

'Twas silence all, the rising moon
With clouds had veil'd her light,
The clock struck twelve, when, lo! I saw
A very chilling sight.
Pale as a snow-ball was its face,
Like icicles its hair;
For mantle, it appeared to me
A sheet of ice to wear.
Tho' seldom given to alarm,
'Faith, I'll not dissemble,
My teeth all chatter'd in my head,
And every joint did tremble.
At last, I cried, "Pray who are you,
And whither do you go?"
Methought the phantom thus replied,
"My name is Sally Snow;

" My Father is the Northern Wind,
My Mother's name was Water ;
Old Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful Daughter.

" I have a lover—Jackey Frost,
My dad the match condemns ;
I've run from home to-night to meet
My love upon the Thames."

I stopp'd Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just to cast in,
" I hope, if John and you unite,
Your union won't be lasting !

" Besides, if you should marry him,
But ill you'd do, that I know ;
For surely Jackey Frost must be
A very slippery fellow.

" She sat her down before the fire,
My wonder now increases ;
For she I took to be a maid,
Then tumbled into pieces !

" For air, thin air, did Hamlet's ghost
His foremost cock-crow barter ;
But what I saw, and now describe,
Resolv'd itself to water !"

MAC GREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT.

Translated from the Gaelic,

BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

[It appears that Mac Gregor had, by some intestine commotion, been banished from his inheritance of Glenlyon; and while wandering as an outlaw through the Highlands, that he, with some others, his foster-brother, his guides and protectors, was surprised and killed by his enemies; one of his foster-brothers, who survived, gives vent to his feelings in the lamentation which follows.]

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time, still as it flies, adds increase to my mourning
When I think of Mac Gregor, true heir of Glenlyon,

Where, still to sad fancy, his banners are flying:
Of Mac Gregor, nor Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,

With their bold martial train, set each bosom
a bounding.

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning ;
Time, still as it flies, adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey, from yon pine by the
fountain,

Distinguished the hero when climbing the mountain ;

The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,
And destruction fed wide from his bow-string so narrow ;

His darts, so well polished and bright, were a
treasure

That the son of a king might have boasted with
pleasure :

When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully
held them,

Well poised, and sure aimed, never weapon ex-
celled them.

Now dead to the honour and pride I inherit,
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit,
Though insult and injury now should oppress me,
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress
me.

Deaf to my loud sorrow, and blind to my weeping,
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping ;
In that cold, narrow bed he shall slumber for
ever,

Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He, that shar'd the kind breast, which my infancy
nourished,

Now hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he
flourished ;

No obsequies fitting, his pale corpse adorning ;
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning ;

No virgins high-born, with their tears to bedew
thee,
To deck out thy grave, or with flowrets to strew
thee.

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning ;
Time, still as it flies, adds increase to my mourning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to the Charades, " To a promising Young Lady," and several others, in our next.

LECTOR is misled, by supposing " our Boileau" is intended by our critic for Pope, instead of Lord Byron. His remark on the misapplication of the word " rencontre" is just ; and we may be permitted to avail ourselves of this occasion to say, that we do not hold ourselves minutely responsible for the language of any of the various Contributors to our Paper.

If LECTOR had any notion of the number of letters which pours in upon us each week, he would not find fault with our resolution to avoid answering as many of them as possible.

Three Letters on the Authorship of the " Devil's Walk" in our next.

Some extracts from Mr. Kendall's forth-coming " Proposal for the Establishment of a Patriotic Metropolitan Colonial Institution," in an early Number.

S. G. C—d in our next.

In our last, p. 79, col. 1, l. 13 from the bottom, for " important," read " unimportant." At p. 69, col. 3, l. 2, for " their proof," read " the reproof."

In some copies of the Second Edition of No. I, p. 1, col. 3, l. 1, for " are," read " era."

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